

NO.
38

PEP



the SHIELD

APRIL

LOOK! COMICS' GREATEST SENSATION
ARCHIE—MIRTH OF A NATION!

10¢



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 17

WELL, one of our members has at last brought up a subject that has worried many a good man silly in the past. We have of course that it was coming up some day and we'd have to face it. Anyway, Billy Moore of Chicago Apartments, Marion St. in Kittering, Pennsylvania suggested in his excellent letter that we send out signatures of both Dury and myself with the regular club members. This is kinda embarrassing because we didn't know that any one thought the signatures of the Shield and Dury that valuable. Dury is especially bothered and from the way he's flexing his right arm it looks as though he's getting ready for the heat of argument. Well, fellow members, what do you think of the idea? Let's have opinion on the subject from everybody. Don't forget that it's up to you club members to see to it that we don't get rusty. An idea a month from every boy and girl is just what is needed to keep the old blood pumping through the club veins.

Billy is also a great little worker for the Shield G-Man for he's promised to recruit at least one more member by Christmas. Now that's the kind of Christmas present we should all give to our fellow club members—I heard one member to share our good fellowship. You boys out there might be interested to know that the idea of recruiting a member every month was originated by a girl, pretty member Janice Rabinson of 14 Poplar Street, Birmingham, Arizona. Now what do you all say, shall we shift into high gear and spread the good word of the Shield G-Man far and wide over our land? Any improvements on the idea are more than welcome.

While I'm on the subject of ideas, Dury thought up one this morning that for practicality had us all dove here at headquarters gawping. It concerns the difficult subject of gifts for birthdays and such and seems such an excellent way of solving the problem that I'm passing it on to you for consideration. Here it is:

If you're ever stuck for something to give a girl or boy friend on his or her birthday or special occasion, why not buy a complete set of M.L.J. Comic Books, wrap them up with the usual ribbons and stuff and mark on the package: Prescription for the Blues. Take One Book Every Day.

If the occasion arises in the near future, I recommend the new Archie Comics for laughs and Top-Notch and the latest Zip for thrills. You can't mess with these splendid magazines. And don't forget that the Shield Wizard is a damn good mag, too.

Keep the letters coming, fellows and girls!

Outstanding letters received from:-

KENNETH BLAKELY

JOSEPH MYONA

ESTELLE HARNICK

6317 Brevard St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

610 E. 116th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

809 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Over Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

Name

Address

Age

CUT ON THIS LINE



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE



THE SHIELD AND DUSTY HAVE MATCHED STRENGTH AND WITS WITH AMERICA'S WORST ENEMIES AND ALWAYS WON - BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY CLASH WITH THE DEVIL EYED DOCTOR OF NAZIOM! THE MAN WHO TRICKED HADES HITLER THE DEMON HE IS - AND HE IS NOW IN AMERICA, USING HIS POWER OVER HUMAN MINDS TO MAKE VICTIMS INTO TREASURES!

JOE HOGGINS IS RETURNING HOME AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR CLUES IN AN INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND ROBBERY AT A DEFENSE PLANT.

A PHOTO! IT MUST HAVE COME FROM THAT LIGHTED WINDOW!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CITICORP TRUST COMPANY ----

WHO'D BE HERE AT THIS HOUR? WHAT'S THAT?

I KNOW IT'S AN INSIDE JOB--BUT WHO COULD THE TRAITORS BE?

GOOD LORD! IT'S HUNG! HE'S STILL BREATHING!

SHIELD! THE GUY SAYS IT'S MURDER! BEFORE I CAN LET HIM TELL YOU-- BEEN KIDNED UP IN THE INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND THEFTS-- FIFTH COLUMN WORK-- COULDN'T HELP IT. TIL TONIGHT! I THREATENED TO TALK-- OTHERS ARE BENSON, FRASER, PARKER AND PETERS!

ENOUGH DIAMONDS WOULD RUIN AMERICAN WAR PRODUCTION-- THEY'LL BE SHIPPED TO GERMANY BY U-BOATS THIS PROXY NIGHT-- HERE, JUST SHALL TRY-- THE PLAN-- GET IS THAT FIND WHO DUMPED US-- AARGH!

DIED JUST TOO SOON! NO BETTER LET THE POLICE DISCOVER THE BODY! IF THE MAN BEHIND THIS THING HAS PLAN TO SILENCE HUNGERS WORKERS, HE'LL GET CARELESS! MUSTN'T SCARE HIM, HE MIGHT CONFESS OF THE DIAMONDS!

JOE, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT?

WALKING AND THINKING OUT I STUMBLERD ONTO THE FIRST CLUE TO THE DIAMOND ROBBERY-- IT'S!

I WANT TO SEND THIS LETTER TO HOOVER. RIGHT AWAY!

I'LL MAIL IT FOR YOU, JOE. YOU MUST BE PRETTY TIRED. I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE. THO? WHERE THE HELL'S MOOSE? IS IT ABOUT THE STANDARDS?

AS MOOSE MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE STREET TO A NAKED BOY...



FOOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN ON! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO STOP?

HEY... WATCH OUT!



GEE, FASTER! HE MUST BE AID!

I CAN'T TELL YET! GET HIM IN MY CAR! AT ONCE! I'M A DOCTOR!



YOU ARE SUCH A STURD CREATURE! FIRST TO HIT HIM-- THEN TO STOP! NOW I MUST TREAT HIM, AND HE MUST DIE ON MY HANDS!

AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

HE'S IN SUCH FINE PHYSICAL CONDITION, HE HAS HARDLY BEEN INJURED AT ALL-- JUST A MINOR CONCUSSION! THIS PAPER MAY IDENTIFY HIM!

FATHER, WHY MUST YOU BE SO HATEFUL? YOU KNOW IT WAS AN ACCIDENT-- YOU'RE A DOCTOR-- YOU COULD MY LEAVE HIM THERE! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU, LATELY?



*...some unbreakable
...man, made
...the idea of leaders in my
...are all leaders - they believe
...believe I shall be before
...the Shield - I may do that later
...my last moment
...the truth of all
...this, why may I
...to this day
...you are the only person
...I know of who
...Dusty*

SUCH AMAZING LUCK!
THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN
BY THE SHIELD!
THE LORD HARRY
THIS BOY MUST BE
DUSTY, THE BOY
DETECTIVE, THEN!
BUT I MUST WARN
SUGGY FIRST I MUST
CALL A GENERAL
MEETING OF MY
COLLEAGUES AT
ONCE!



THANKS FOR LETTING
ME STAY WITH HIM,
FATHER - BUT HE
WAS LOOKING?

STOP JAB -
BEING - TRY TO
FIND OUT MORE
ABOUT HIM! I'LL
BE BACK!



WHERE AM
I? WHAT
HAPPENED?
HOW DID I GET
IN THE ROOM?

SHHH! LIE BACK OR
YOU'LL HURT YOUR-
SELF! YOU WERE IN
AN ACCIDENT!



HE WOKED UP
LONG ENOUGH
TO SAY THAT
JOS HIGGINS,
CHIEF OF POLICE,
SHOULD BE
NOTIFIED THAT
I PHONE HIM?

NO! I'LL ATTEND
TO IT - JUST
STAY WITH HIM
UNTIL I COME
BACK!

I WONDER WHY
THE DOCTOR CALLED
US HERE TODAY?



GENTLEMEN! I TRUST YOU
READ OF MR. HIGGINS -
IF THAT DON'T CONVINCE
YOU OF THE NEED FOR
OBEDIENCE - I
HAVE THIS
LETTER WILL!

MY GOD!
THE SHIELD
LISTS ALL OUR
NAMES BUT THE
DOCTORS!

HOW
DID YOU
GET THIS
FROM READING
NOOBS?



LATER IN THE DAY,
AT DUSTY'S BED-
SIDE

AND - THE BOY'S HALF BROTHER
HOW TO USE MY POWERS OF
HYPOHYPNOSIS ON HIM! DUSTY LOOK
AT ME - LOOK INTO MY EYES -
DEEP INTO MY EYES -

YOU ARE STILL SAFE, FOOL - ONLY BE-
CAUSE I MANAGE TO INTER-
CEPT THE LETTER! YOU
BEING IN THE REST OF
THE CLAMOR AND I'LL
TAKE CARE OF THE SHIELD!
YOU SEE I HAVE DISCOVERED
HIS TRUE IDENTITY! BY TO-
MORROW THE SHIELD WILL
BE DEAD!



LEAVE ME-- YOU MUST OPEN--
YOU MUST TELL THAT FRIEND
OF YOURS TOMORNT--
KILL--KILL-- KILL!

MY THREE DUSTY?
WHERE-IF YOU BEEN
ALL DAY? I BEGAN
TO WORRY ABOUT
YOU!

OH, I JUST WANDERED
AROUND-- IN
PRETTY TIE--
THINK I'LL GO TO
BED-- G'NIGHT!



NOW WHY DON'T
DUSTY TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY DON'T THE
DOCTOR CALL? LET'S
SEE WHO HE IS...



NAME, JOSEPH A.
BORN, 1904, KATZ,
EMIGRATED IN GERMANY
YAL 1937. MEMBER OF
HYPNOTIC SOCIETY!



SLEEPING FILLS! THAT'S NOT
LIKE DUSTY! UNLESS THE
DOCTOR PRESCRIBED THEM!
I WONDER IF HE GAVE HIM
ANYTHING ELSE TO TAKE?



JOE OPENS DUSTY'S
BEDSIDE TABLE
DRAWER----



A DAGGER!
WHERE DID
IT COME FROM?
WHAT WOULD
DUSTY WANT
WITH THIS?

BACK IN HIS
OWN ROOM----

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! TO TRUST
DUSTY WITH MY LIFE! HE
COULDN'T DO ANY INTENTIONAL
WRONG!



DUSTY THAT NIGHT DUSTY
AWAKES IN A COLD SWEAT----

WAKE UP AND DO MY
BIDDING! GET THE
KNIFE FROM THE
DRAWER!



JOE ONE IN A DREAM
DUSTY REACHES FOR THE
DRAWER AS DR. KATZ'S VOICE
GOADS HIM ON.....



UNTIL UNDER THE MYSTIC
SPELL, DUSTY ENTERS
JOE'S BEDROOM.....

GO TO HIS
ROOM, THE
KNIFE IN YOUR
HAND!



SILENTLY BY THE VOICE
WITHIN HIS BODY ORDERED HIM
TO KILL

HELLO? POLICE?... I
JUST COMMITTED MURDER!
YES... JOE HIGGINS.
THE GUY!

IMAGINE A GUY
KID LIKE THAT
COMMITTING
MURDER!

AND HIS
BEST FRIEND
TOO!

GET IN
THERE YEA
LITTLE FUNK!

HA HA! THE
PERFECT GUY!
WHETHER THEY
KEEP IT A SECRET
OR NOT I KNOW
THE SHIELD
IS DEAD!

WE'RE RECORDING PAPERS
HEADLINE THE STORY!

SEE IN TELETYPE

**JOE HIGGINS
MURDERED BY
FRIEND**

HE LIVED
FUNKIN'
INTENT!

EVERY REMEMBERS NOTHING
EXCEPT THAT HE CALLED JOE...

IT'S A PLEASURE TO
DRINK TO THE SHIELD
DEAD! WITH HIM OUT OF
THE WAY YOU ARE STILL
UNDETECTED! WHO WOULD
DREAM THAT GREAT MAN
LIKE YOU WOULD ROB
YOUR OWN PLANET!

COOPER HAS HEARD OF
JOE HIGGINS' DEATH AND
ARRIVED AT THE MORGUE!
THIS IS A TERRIBLE
THING! WHERE'S THE BODY?

RIGHT THIS
WAY, MR. COOPER!



EVEN COVERED BY THE SHEET IT LOOKS LIKE HIGGINS! IT CAN'T BE, THOUGH! HE CAN'T BE DEAD!



GOSH DEEP IN GUESS GLAD YOU GOT HERE - AN OTHER HOLE AND TO HAVE BEEN FROZEN STIFF?



SHIELD! YOU'RE ALIVE! WHAT'S GOING ON?



WHEN I FOUND THAT DUSTY HAD BEEN TREATED BY DR. KLEN, A MASTER HYPNOTIST, I WAS CERTAIN THAT KLEN WAS MEANT FOR ME!



YES - BUT YOU DON'T STOP DUSTY! HE'S STILL THERE! HE KILLED YOU! WHY IT HAPPENED!



THE KNIFE FOR THE TILL BOTTLE SINCE DUSTY WAS HYPNOTIZED I KNOW HE WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE



I HATED TO FOOL DUSTY, BUT IT HAD TO LOOK LIKE THE PERFECT ORNIE TO FOOL THAT DEVL DR. KLEN!

WHY THIS RANS - TO THE HORROR!

YOU DON'T GET MY LETTER THAT EXPLAINS A LOT! I WONDERED HOW KLEN GUERRESED I WAS THE SHIELD! HE MUST'VE GOTTEN HIS HANDS ON IT SOMEHOW!

IM HEADED FOR KLEN'S PLACE, FOR A SCORE TO SETTLE! SEND SOME MEN AS SOON AS YOU CAN!

THERE ARE YOU GOING? I WANT YOU NEED HELP!

THE SHIELD ARRIVES
AT DR. KLEE'S HOME.

MY FATHER? HE
LEFT FOR KEYPORT
THIS MORNING! BUT—
YOU'RE THE SHIELD!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT TO SEE HIM
FOR?

NO TIME
TO REFLAME
WANTS THE
FASTEST WAY
TO GET THERE.

WE CAN TAKE
THE PRIVATE AM-
BULANCE! I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
WAY!

LET'S
GO!

THE SHIELD AND DR. KLEE'S
DAUGHTER RACE TOWARD KEY-
PORT.....

HOPE IS STILL
IN TIME? YOU
STAY IN THE
CAR! THIS ISN'T
A RIDE!

BUT YOU STILL
HAVEN'T TOLD ME
WHAT'S HAPPENED.

YOU'LL
KNOW SOON ENOUGH
MR. KLEE!

EMPTY AS A PICKED
POCKEY! COULD THAT
GIRL BE IN ON THIS WITH
ME? NEVER! RATHER!

SOMEONE'S IN
THAT VAULT?

THE SHIELD
SHIELD SWINGS
BACK THE HEAVY DOOR.

HELLO!
LET US
OUT OF
HERE!

HELLO YOU FOUND
HEL. HELLO—WHY
IT—IT'S THE
SHIELD!

HELLO!
LOOKS
LIKE YOUR
BOSS
KLEE
COULD
CRIBBED
YOU!

SHIELD! THANK GOD YOU'RE
ALIVE! DID YOU CATCH DR. KLEE?
HE'S LEAVING BY BUS
FOR GERMANY
WITH A LOAD OF
DIAMONDS!

WHY
NOT FIGHT
TRAITORS!
GLAD TO
LIVE—YOU
WON'T BE—

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE US SHIELD! WE WERE PATENTS OF LIES! UNDER THE GUISE OF MEDICAL TREATMENT HE HYPNOTIZED US AND FORCED US TO STEAL DIAMONDS FROM OUR OWN PLANTS! JUST BEFORE HE LEFT HE BROKE THE SPELL SO WE'D KNOW WHAT WE DID!

SUDDENLY INCENDIARY BOMBS SET BY KLEE EXPLODED!

GOOD LORD! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

ALL HALL OF FLAME BLOOD THIS WAY!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO RUN FOR IT! LET'S GO!



THE BETTER NOT BE A TRICK!



RIGHT BEHIND THE SINTARIUM THAT DEVIL KLEE HAD EVERYTHING PLANNED TO PERFECTION!

GOOD! YOU MADE IT! NOW QUICK, WHERE'S THE DOCK!

SHIELD! THERE'S KLEE AND THE NAZI NOW! THEY'RE LOADING THE DIAMONDS!



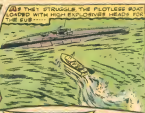
SHIELD! YOU'VE BEEN KILLED! THOSE NAZI SWABERS HAVE TORNY GUNS! YOU CAN'T HANDLE THEM ALONE!

HURRY, TAKE THE DIAMONDS AND HAND OUT THE EXPLOSIVES! I WANT TO FINISH THAT SINTARIUM COMPLETELY! IF MY INCENDIARIES HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO!

THERE MUST BE NO TRACES OF US LEFT BE! WHO... WHA... THE SHIELD BUT... BUT... YOU'RE DEAD!







HANGMAN



EXTRA
★ ★ ★

DAILY STAR

EXTRA
★ ★ ★

THE CRIME BEHIND THE NOOSE

MANY FEATURES GO
TO MAKE UP THE FRONT
PAGE OF THE DAILY
STAR... IN THESE PAGES
YOU WILL FIND LOVE,
DEATH, LAUGHTER...
AND THE HANG-
MAN'S NOOSE!
(P. 17 CONT. ON PAGES)



VIRGINIA PEEKER
SUB - DES
(P. 17 CONT. ON PAGE 4)

B. F. F.

MEET TWO
THE DAILY STAR
FOR INSTANCES, HERE
ARE THREE STORIES,
SEEMINGLY UNDE-
LATED-- BUT IN
REALITY THEY ARE
FOOTSTEPS OF A
BLOODY TRAIL-- A
TRAIL DESTINED TO
LEAD TO THE --
GALLOWES!!

OUR FIRST SCENE
IS IN THE EDITOR'S
OFFICE OF THE
DAILY
STAR--

MAKE IT SNAPPY,
COPY BOY! I'VE GOT
TO CHECK THE PROOFS
ON **ITEMS ONE, TWO
AND THREE! HURRY!**

COMING, SIR!

**UNIDENTIFIED
BODY WASHED UP ON
BEACH**

A STRANGE
SCENE TOOK
PLACE TODAY
AS A GROUP OF
MEN TRIPPED
ACROSS A BODY
THAT HAD BEEN
WASHED UP ON
POWELL'S
BEACH.

"BODY WASHED UP ON
THE BEACH-- LET US
PEER INTO THE STORY
BEHIND THE COLD PRINT--
A GROUP OF MEN ARE
GATHERED AROUND THE
WASHED UP BODY"



"UGH-- WHAT A MESS!"
THAT GUY MUST'VE BEEN
FISH FOOD FOR A
LONG TIME!



"HEY-- LOOK, THIS FURRY
MARK ON HIS CHEST!
THAT WASN'T DONE BY NO
FISH! LOOKS LIKE A SPIDER!"
OH, WELL! LET'S CALL THE
POLICE!"



NOT MUCH CHANCE OF IDENTIFYING HIM
BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO THE
MORGUE-- ANYWAY, GIVE ME A HAND,
WILL YOU?

CITY MORGUE



**DEATH AT NASH
MANSION**

EARLY
MORNING
TODAY NASH THE
WEALTHY BIL-
LINGS ACCIDENT-
ALLY SHOT DOWN
SCOTT AND OLD
FRIEND AND NEAR-
LY LOST HIMSELF
LEAVING THE SCOTTS
TO BE A PROBLEM





THEN BASTON MAN
DOES A STRANGE
THING? HE BURNS
THE PHOTOGRAPH
TORN FROM
SIDE OF BUST?

LATER--

WE JUST GOT A CALL ABOUT A GUNSLASH SHOOTING. IS THIS THE PLACE?

YES BUT IT WASN'T A GUNSLASH! I SHOT.

IT WAS MY LAWYER WILLIAM BOTT I MET BECAUSE I RECOGNIZED HIM! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PROMOTING IN THE GARD! THE HOUSE WAS AS MUCH HIS HOME AS MINE!

AND STILL ANOTHER FOOTSTEP
ON THE GALLOWAY TRAIL

IN A MIST...
THE HANGERS...

YES... THAT COULD MEAN TOLD
AND THAT COULD MEAN...
THERE WOULD BE A PLAN IN
ITS REASONING AN UN-
FORGIVEN WITHNESS, AN O-
RELOCATED MOUNTAIN
CLUE
EVEN THE CORPSE
SOMETHING SEEMS TO
GETTER FROM THE
FOR THE FURTHER
FRUSTRATING

AMONG THELMA GORDON'S MANY READERS THERE IS ONE WHOSE EYES COME IN ITS CONTENTS WITH EAGERNESS AND SPECULATION!

LATE AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY GOSPEL I READ YOUR COLUMN ABOUT THE HAND-MAN! CAN YOU HELP ME LOCATE HIM? IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!



WHY, YOU'RE TREMBLING!—THERE I CAN HELP YOU! A FRIEND OF MINE BOB DICKERSON KNOWS THE HAND-MAN.



THE MAN'S VISITOR LEAVES IN SEARCH OF BOB DICKERSON, AND IN HIS CURIOUS HASTE, FAILS TO NOTICE AN OMINOUS FIGURE TRAILING HIM!



THIS IS THE ADDRESS MR. GORDON GIVE ME! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!



MY NAME'S JOSEPH... AND MR. DICKERSON! YOU'VE GOT USED TO BE A GARDEN FOR BURTON NASH'S... BUTLER YEARS AGO? I'VE DEAD... BECAUSE I TELL YOU ABOUT... THE HAND-MAN... THE HAND-MAN!



IT'S VERY URGENT, WHY DID YOU SEE THAT ITEM IN THE PAPER ABOUT UNIDENTIFIED BODY WASHED UP ON POINTERS BEACH? A BODY WITH A CERTAIN SPECIAL MARK!



I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THAT COMPOSER! HIS NAME IS... UGH!



NOBODY OUT HERE! THAT'S THE BEST IT GETS! PARTY!



HE WANTED THE HANGMAN, POOR FELLOW AND HERE GOING TO GET HIM? WHAT THAT ON THE FLOOR? LOOKS LIKE A DIARY!



IT IS--AND IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE POOR WRETCH TURNED IT DELIBERATELY TO HIS POSE JUST BEFORE HE DIED! HE WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!



April 30, 1937
A quickly used
document on the
downward train
today, and the full
story of the
hundred thousand
camp slaves
who died in and
out of the
to deliver the
major power
factor of the
Black. The
Black and
Anglo-Saxon
in the
the
at the
clipping.

I THINK THE HANGMAN WILL PAY A CALL TONIGHT! I'VE A HUNCH THAT IT MAY PAY DIVIDENDS!



THAT NIGHT THIS IS THE PLACE TO GO! LOOK ALL RIGHT! AMH TEEHEE! WHAT I WANT!



HMM, APRIL, 1937! WONDER IF IT'S HERE?



HERE'S THE IDEA, CAREFULLY FILED AWAY, BUT THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF IT IS MISSING!



WHO COULD HAVE TORN IT OUT--



YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT HANGMAN!





THIS IS HOW I GET SO OF REDDUPERS!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE MAD HURRYING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR APPROACHES THE LIBRARY ON THE RUN--



THIS IS WHERE ALL THE NOISE IS COMING FROM! HELLO--HELLO IS ANYBODY IN THERE?



EEK-- THE HANG-MAFF WH--WENT! NOISE THAN HAPPENED?

NOTHING MORE THAN A BUMP ON THE HEAD--THANKS TO YOU--DID YOU SEE ANYBODY RUN FROM THE ROOM?



HE BEAT IT WHEN HE HEARD YOU WEE? B--WY? WHAT'S THIS IN THE BARNET?



HMM--AN ENVELOPE THAT CONTAINED TICKETS ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN SHIP. NO DOUBT! THIS IS GETTING VERY INTERESTING!

PAN SOUTH AMERICAN LINES



LIKE A FLASH THE HANGMAN PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE DIALS A NUMBER, AND--YES, THE U.S. BRAZIL LEAVES PER 23 IN ONE HOUR!



ONE HOUR, HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!



NOW FOR ANOTHER QUICK VISIT! THE TIME TO THE ROSEMONT DAILY NEWS, IN ROSEMONT 6 P.M.







TRIPPING THE HANGMAN, THE VICIOUS KILLER DASHES OUT OF THE CABIN--



THE BOAT'S NOT TOO FAR FROM SHORE! IF I CAN REACH IT I'LL LOSE THAT BLASTED HANGMAN!



AS NASH LEAPS, HIS FOOT TANGLES WITH A LIFE PRESERVER, WHICH HURTLES OVERBOARD WITH HIM AND--



NO, BARTON NASH YOU DIDN'T ESCAPE YOUR FATE AFTER ALL!

AND SO, THE SHIP SAILS OUT TO SEA--BEARING WITH IT THE HANGMAN, GRIM DISPENSER OF JUSTICE, TO A NEW AND MORE SPECTACULAR ADVENTURE--
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWINGING CORPSE!"

BE WITH THE HANGMAN IN THE NEXT MOST THRILLING
PEP COMICS!



MURDER OUT OF MIND

A HANGMAN STORY

by Alex Barrister

THE shrill whistle of the Twentieth Century leered as the great streamlined train rushed from the tunnel and emerged into Jersey. The trip had begun. Nothing could now stop the roaring steel monster until it reached Chicago. Come wind, rain, floods, come earthquake or tornadoes, the Twentieth Century Limited would get there on time.

Bob Dickering, sitting in one of the coach compartments put away the personal notes he had made of his last case and prepared for bed. A neat and tidy person, it was only a few minutes before his clothes were put away in the tiny compartment provided for the purpose and he had donned a conservatively colored bathrobe.

"Haven't had any sleep for twenty-four hours," he yawned to himself and rang for the porter.

"Pull out the bed, will you son?" he asked as the colored porter entered.

"Yassuh," the boy bent to the task but his eyes were wide open and glittering. This did not escape the notice of Bob Dickering, nor did he fail to glimpse the haunting terror in their depth.

"Anything wrong, son?" he asked and smiled sympathetically.

The porter bent up from his task and gazed about the compartment anxiously.

"Ah suppose ah shouldn't tell you, sah, but there is somethin' powerful wrong on board this here train," then his eyes made another circuit of the compartment.

"Yes?" Bob Dickering, ears keenly alert, bent closer.

"Well, sah," the boy gulped, "there's been a murder!"

"What? On the Twentieth Century? Nonsense, we've just left New York."

"I ain't kiddin', sah. A man was shot in the next car . . ."

"Alright, porter, you can go now." Bob fished in his wallet and handed the boy some small change.

As soon as the boy was gone, an astounding change came over the bland features of Bob Dickering. A hard light appeared in his eyes. Rapidly he peeled off his bathrobe and with the suddenness of thought was revealed as—The Hangman.

"They'll be around to my room, soon, anyway," he muttered to himself. "I think they'll appreciate some anticipating to the long run."

It took a bare thirty seconds to traverse the distance separ-

ating his room from the murder compartment.

"Hangman!" gasped the chief conductor from his position on the floor where he was examining the corpse. He extended a hand anxiously. "You have the darndest penchant for turning up in the right places."

"Thanks," replied the Hangman briefly. "But what about the police?"

The conductor shook his head at the cluster of passengers who had given way in awe before the entrance of the famous guardian of justice and then closed in again, and shut the door.

"Impossible," he whimpered. "We cannot stop the train. No one aboard has the authority to do so. Only a direct wire from the home office would have any effect!"

"Have you notified them?"

"Yes, of course, but you can be sure we'll get no reply until we reach Cleveland. Bed tape, you see."

The Hangman considered this, the while gazing at the body of the man on the floor of the compartment. He bent down to examine the corpse.

"A totally unprecedented situation," he said softly and the chief conductor nodded.

The Hangman indicated the smoothly rounded hole in the dead man's head. "Hmmm, apparently penetrated just beneath the right ear, tore through the brain and emerged slightly above the left ear." He bent aside, groping along the floor board. "Ah," he breathed, "here it is," and held up a bullet shiny and speckled with blood.

"It must have come through there," said the conductor pointing to the hole in the compartment window. "By the way, know who he is?" he moved closer to the Hangman and his voice sank to a whisper.

"Great gun!" exclaimed the Hangman, taken aback. "The most famous literary refugee from Germany!"

"It certainly looks like murder," commented the conductor dryly.

Hangman toyed with the bullet.

"It could have been an accident," he said, then dismissing the idea, shook his head. "No, you are probably right. He has literally thousands of enemies, any one of which would be happy to kill him than inherit a million dollars. Keeping track of the movements of this man would have been easy for the man—or men—who apparently killed him. It wouldn't surprise me if they had stationed killers all along the line, at selected spots from here to Chicago. They may have mistaken that a few would miss, but at least one would succeed. Beautiful theory, isn't it?"

"That's the one I had," an-

sourced the conductor proudly.

Hangman ignored him. He rummaged carefully among the dead man's papers for awhile.

"Nothing here to indicate he expected to be shot at. A few personal notes of literary interest, some calling cards and money." He extracted an envelope from among the other papers and considered it. "A letter. The name above the return address indicates it must have been from a very close relative, possibly a member of his immediate family." He hesitated a moment, then opened the envelope, extracted the small folded sheet of cheap paper within and read it swiftly.

"Who's it from?" asked the conductor with justifiable curiosity.

The Hangman did not reply immediately. Something was happening to him. His tall form seemed to grow in stature. The already wide shoulders deepened. On the stern face appeared a look of implacable hatred.

"From his mother," he said finally, "telling him that the Nazis had finally shot his wife and two children."

"Hangman," gasped the conductor and his eyes went wide, for on the eastern wall of the room had suddenly appeared the shadow of the gallows and the noise—yawning toward the east, toward Germany.

"It was not murder," said the Hangman, slowly "It was suicide. Or rather, it was not murder as we understand it,

but long-range torture that finally drove this man to take his life. I suspected as much when I examined the bullet and the hole in the window. Driven to desperation, afraid to let the world know he had died a helpless coward, he fired a bullet through the glass pane—outward—the direction of the bullet was plainly indicated. I knew the bullet which killed him had not passed through glass because it was not characteristically scratched. A bullet fired through glass at the short range from which it was supposed to have been fired could not possibly have penetrated both sides of the skull. Having prepared what he thought was the evidence that would convince the world he was murdered, he then carefully calculated the angle at which the murder bullet would have traveled through his skull and committed suicide. The fatal missile showed nothing but the marks to be seen in such a case."

"Everything fits, doesn't it?" asked the conductor, somewhat shamefacedly. He seemed almost sorry that his original theory had not been confirmed.

The shadow of the gallows on the eastern wall thickened, grew heavier, gained substance and solidity.

"Everything but the vengeance of the Hangman—which in this case must wait . . ." The cloaked and hooded figure moved slowly out the door into the crowded corridor.

". . . but it will not wait long!"

CAPTAIN RANDO COMING SOON TO SOLDIERS

THE STORY OF A JOCKEY, BOOTS O'GRADY, LOVED TO RIDE A WINNER BUT MORE THAN THAT HE LOVED HORSES AND THE THINGS THE BEAUTIFUL, SLEEK CREATURES STOOD FOR AND BECAUSE BOOTS' LOVE FOR A HORSE WAS SO GREAT WHEN THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE MEN WHO HELPED WIN THE WAR THINGERS ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY THE NAME OF BOOTS O'GRADY WILL BE ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE FIRMAMENT OF RECORD



AS A CHILD BOOTS O'GRADY WAS A FAMULAR SIGHT CURRYING HORSES AND DOING ALL SORTS OF NECESSARY TASKS AROUND THE STABLE ...

... HIS GREAT LOVE AND TREMENDOUS KNOWLEDGE OF HORSES HELPED HIM BLOSSOM INTO ONE OF THE FINEST JOCKEYS ...



SO IT WAS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHEN HE WAS PICKED TO RIDE ONE OF THE FAVORITES IN THE GREATEST RACE OF THE SEASON, THE ARLINGTON DERBY ...

A CHANCE REMARK MADE AT THE STABLE BEFORE RACE TIME IS OVERHEARD BY ONE OF THE OFFICIALS ...

TURF TALK

BOOTS O'GRADY TO RIDE SUREFOOT AGAINST RIVAL TED SMALL ON KLAXON



HEY BOOTS - IF YA HAD A MILLION BUCKS WOULD YA BET IT ON YOUR NAG TO WIN TO-DAY'S RACE?

IF I HAD A MILLION BUCKS - WHICH I AMT GOT - ID LAY IT ALL ON KLAXON, CAUSE I THINK HE'S THE BETTER HORSE!



WHEN THE OTHERS LEAVE, BOOTS IS ACCOSTED BY THE RACE TRACK OFFICIAL ... THE AID WHAT HE LISTEN I SAID - IF YOU'RE THINKING OF THROWING THIS RACE THIN' I'VE GOT A LOT OF MONEY RUN ON SUREFOOT!

ON YEARS THE RACING COMMISSION MIGHT THINK OTHERWISE!

NEVER FAILED A CROOKED START AND I AMT AWAY TO NOW! IF SUREFOOT LOSE IT'S BECAUSE HE AMT GOOD ENOUGH!

BT THE ROAD BUN! BE MORE I SEE THE TRACK 'BULLS' ON YOU!

SHORT WHILE LATER ...

A BEAUTIFUL DAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - AND A LARGE CROWD - IN FACT THE LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF ARLINGTON! THEY'RE AT THE POST - O'GRADY ON SUREFOOT AND SMALL ON KLAXON - THE TWO FAVORITES - STEADY NOW - THEY'RE OFF!



THEY'RE BUNCHED TOGETHER, BLAXON IN THE CLEAR, ROBERT A SECOND AND SUREFOOT IN BETH-- NOW THEY'RE STRETCHING OUT-- THERE GOES SUREFOOT TO FOURTH PLACE, TO THIRD, HIS PASSING ROBERT NOW HER RUNNING NECK IN NECK WITH BLAXON--HERS PULLING AHEAD, HER OUT IN THE OPEN

--IT'S SUREFOOT IN THE LEAD AS THEY GO DOWN THE HOME STRETCH--BOOTS IS CRYING HER VERY HARD--HERS ANGRY TO WIN HE LOOKS LIKE A MONK!

HERS STUMBLED-- BOTH JOCKEY AND HORSE ARE DOWN A FEW LENGTHS IN FRONT OF THE TAFE-- THE OTHERS ARE CHASING BY-- IT'S BLAXON THE WINNER!



POOR HORSE-- JUST WHEN WE HAD THE RACE ALL SERVED UP TOO!



ENTER IN THE LOBBY ROOM--

HEY BOOTS! THE TRACK OFFICIALS WOULD SEE TO RIGHT AWAY IN THE OFFICE!

OK, CHUCK, BE RIGHT THERE!

I WONDER WHAT'S UP!



IN THE OFFICE

BECAUSE OF CERTAIN EVIDENCE IT'S NECESSARY THAT WE SUSPEND YOU PENDING A RULING BY THE RACING COMMISSION!

EVIDENCE? YOU MEAN LIES? THIS CHEAP JOCKEY'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? HE'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME! I TELL YA!

REALLY, BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY BOY!

SORRY O'GRADY BUT WE HAVE TOO MANY JOCKEYS NOW

WARRD!

EVERY TRACK BOOTS IS TELLING THE SAME STORY--

FINALLY--



BOOTS O'GRADY FOUND GUILTY

TRACK OFFICIALS TESTIFY JOCKEY BOOTS O'GRADY'S RACING COMMISSION SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY

COURT AND DEFLUSIONED
BOOTS O'GRADY ADOPTS A
DANGEROUS PHILOSOPHY...

---AND THIS WILL BE CALLED
THE "CENTURY OF THE
COMMON MAN" FOR MAN
WILL SHARE WITH HIS
BROTHERS IN THE
FOUR PRISONERS!
NUTS!
THAT'S A
LOTTA BUNK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO GET ALONG IN
THIS WORLD, AND THAT'S
TO TAKE WHAT YA WANT
NO MATTER WHO GETS
HURT!



2000 TO YEARS LATER, A MAN WITH A POP
GUNED AND ENDS HIMSELF IN THE SLAVE
COUNTRY, FRANCE --- EDDING THE HORSES FOR
THE FRENCHMEN WHO "CO-OPERATE" WITH THE
NEW ORDER, AND THAT MAN... BOOTS O'GRADY!

BE WELL, DEEVE
FIVE THOUSAND FRANKS
TO THROW ZEE RACE?
TAKEN IT
TEN THOU
SAND AND
YOURS
ON?
GEEVE
SET TO
HEER
HENRI!



2 HOURS LATER, ON THE
EDGE OF A FIELD, NOT FAR
AWAY-----

NOT YET, BUT WE ARE
IN A BAD SPOT, FROM
NOW ON IT'S A CASE OF
"THE FOXES AND THE
HOUNDS," WITH US AS
THE FOXES!

NIGHT
NEARBY, A MORTAR
FLAME IS BLOWN SKY HIGH---



THE PLANE THAT WAS SUPPOSED
TO PICK US UP IS TWO HOURS
OVERDUE!

THAT MEANS
THAT WE'RE
TRAPPED!



AND DOSE
"NASTIES"
ARE SURE
GONNA BE
TOUGH TO
OUT FOR!



SCANNERS AT THE LOCAL GERTAP
HEADQUARTERS-----

IT WAS DREY WORK
OF COMMANDER BUT DREY COULDN'T HAVE
ESCAPED SINCE NO PLANES HAVE BEEN
REPORTED IN THE VICINITY--- SEND OUT
SEARCHING PARTIES, BOOK THE ENTIRE
AREA--- BLOCK ALL ROADS--- DREY
SHINE VON'T GET AWAY!



GUARDS ARE
POSTED EVERY-
WHERE AND SEARCH-
ING PARTIES ARE
SENT OUT IN
ARMORED TRUCKS---





GET BACK!
WHY? WHAT LUCK?
WE ALMOST WALKED RIGHT
INTO THE ARMS OF
THAT PATROL!



THIS PLACE IS LOCATED
NEAR THE SEA? IF WE HEAD
DUE WEST, WE MIGHT REACH
IT! ONCE THERE WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO GET A BOAT!

WELL, GOOD
THING THE STOPS
ARE ON! SO YOU
CAN TELL WHICH
DIRECTION IS
WEST? OR WHAT?

DUI?



HEY CAP!
LOOK! A
CAR!

YES - END OF ALL
PLACES, TOO? MAYBE
IT'S A GOOD THING
THEY'D NEVER THINK
TO LOOK HERE!
BUT FIRST WE'LL
HAVE TO GET RID
OF THAT GUARD!



THAT SHOT
WAS LOUD ENOUGH
TO WAKE UP THE ENTIRE
GERMAN ARMY!
WE'D BETTER GET
MOVING QUICK!

ALL SET
CAP? LET'S
RIP!

I HOPE THIS SHOT
CAN STOP THOSE WE'LL
HAVE THE GESTAPO
FOLLOWING US BE-
CAUSE YOU CAN SAY
RUMPELSTILTSKIN!



OH, YEAH?
MUNDELSTEIN -
HOLY MANICURE!
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!



COME ON YOU GUYS
HELP ME LIFT
THIS SEAT!

I HOPE YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DO
NO OLD MAN!

DE BUSHTA CATCH
A COUPLE O' BATS!



SEE ANYTHING
DE-BUSHTA?

SO LONG -
SUCKERS!

YOLA! HURRY
DUMPTY HAS A
BIG FALL - NO F

BY JONES!
IT WORKED!



WHILE
LATER...

END OF THE LINE
FELLOWS - WE'RE
OUT OF GAS!

A SLIGHT PUNCH
AND OVER
SHE GOES!

IT LOOKS
NICE AND DRY -
THERE'S A
HOLE IN HERE
BUT I GUESS HE
WON'T FIND!

AFTER WALKING
A LONG DISTANCE...

LOOKS LIKE A
GRASS TRACH AND
STABLES! IT'S A
GOOD PLACE TO
SPEND THE
NIGHT!

WHAT THE
SAM HELL
IS THAT!



COME HEAT DAY AS YOU GOES TO THE STABLES TO PUT DOWN HIS HORSE.

WHAT IN THE NATION IS THIS? HEY YOU BUMB! SCRAM!

HELLO!

HELLO YERSELF! WHO ARE YOU? BUYS I WANT YER RACKET!

I SEE YOU AN AMERICAN SO I SUESS I CAN TEST YOU! IM CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THESE ARE THE BOY SOLDIERS! HE WERE TRAPPED AFTER A RAID AND THE NAZIS ARE LOOKING FOR US!

BUT YOU CAN HELP US - GET THE BOYS JOBS AS JOCKEYS AND A JOE AS A STABLE HAND FOR HEY THE NAZI WOULD NEVER SUSPECT US AND YOU'D BE DOING YOUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE!

DON'T GAMME THAT KITTICID HOOBY! AFTER THE DIRTY DEAL MY COUNTRY SAVED ME, I DON'T OWE IT A THING! GET IT? SO FIND YOURSELVES A HOLE AN CRAWL INTO IT BOOTS! CHERRY TAKES CARE OF HIMSELF REE!

IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT TALK ILL TEACH YOU WITHIN AN HOUR OF YOUR LIFE!

NOW AIN'T THAT OUTTA LISTEN LITTLE LORD FAULTLE! BOY ONE MORE CRACK OUTTA YOU AND ILL HOOK UR RIGHT OUTTA YER RINCEY PANTS!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

LISTEN TO ME! HE'S ASKIN' FOR IT! THAT DOES IT!



JUST A LITTLE JU JIU! HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT TOO MUCH!



YOU ASKED THAT BOOTS!

OR ILL DO THATS WHATEVER BETTER! YOU WANT?

WELL, PERHAPS YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO ARRANGE WITH A LOCAL POWERMAN FOR OUR ESCAPE!

NOW IF THAT PANTYWAIST IS SO TOUGH, WHAT ARE THE OTHERS LIKE I GUESS ILL STRING ALONG WITH THEM! THEN ILL TURN THEM IN AND COLLECT A NICE REWARD FOR MYSELF!



STARTED THAT SAME DAY... COMMANDER? ARE YOU HOPING ANYONE? HELL, YOU FEEL ANY SOMA AND/OR HERE?

FORGET IT! THERE AIN'T NO ONE HERE BUT US JOCKEYS AND THAT HALF-BIT STABLE HAND!



EARNED FROM FEELING FROM IT REUNITED... CARTER THE CHIEF VULTURE DICTATES ORDER...



---GAMBLING AND SUCH FOOLISHNESS IS FOR OUR VILE AND DEBACCHET RECREATION - NOT FOR STRONG PURE ARYANS LIKE ME! GO NOW!



ENTER HIS MESSENGERS LEAVE OUR ROOMY PAID A NUMBER AND WHISPERS INTO THE PHONE...



AT THE RACE TRACK A FEW DAYS LATER...



WELL, I'LL BE ANYTHING BUT A FACE!



OH, A LITTLE BOOTS WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING?



ONE MINUTE LATER...





BEFORE THE RACE...
NOW YOU'RE SURE
YA KNOW HOW
TO RACE!
OF COURSE!
WHAT'S THERE
TO KNOW A
HORSE?



LET'S GO OFF - AT LEAST ONE IS...



GETS
LOOK AT
THE OTHERS!
HEY! WHO-AM-
WHATEVER
MATTER! I
Y-GET IT,
VITUS DANCE
OR BUMPIN'!



STOP EATING GRASS
AND GET GOING!
DON'T YOU KNOW
WE'RE IN A
RACE!
HONEY
WILL
YA?
BON DIED!
MAYBE THEY
ARE IN LOVE--
NOW?



LOOK AT THEM HORSEY!
SURE WE KNOW HOW THEY
WANT! I GET THOSE GUYS!
I'LL KILL 'EM! I'LL
MORDER 'EM!



WE ARE BOOMED!
DEE BOOMING
SHALL OAY
FOR DEE!
WE
CAN'T DOO
DIE TO US!
ACH DU
LIEDER!



YOU DUMB CLUCKS! DON'T YOU
KNOW ENOUGH TO RICH A HORSE
WITH YOUR SPURS! I WAS
BUT ORED TO LOSE THIS
RACE, NOT WIN IT!
OH! OH! HERE
COMES TRIPLE
TROUBLE!



PIS, FINE, COCKIN'
YE HALL BET ALL
OUR MONEY ON
YOUR LOVING!
YEAH!
SO
WHAT?



YOU AINT GON A THING TO RISE!
I MATTER TO KNOW WHAT
YOUR FURBER THINGS OF
HE MEN BETTING ON THE
NADE -- GET IT!
VV YOU--



THAT NIGHT AT
THE STABLES

I BARELL
SMOKE!

THE NAZI HUNS
SET THE TRUCK ON
FIRE. NEXT IT'LL
BE THE STABLES!

THERE
GOES ONE
WITH A
TORCH!

THE HORSEWELL
BORN! THEY DON'T
STAND A CHANCE! THOSE
DOLTY RATS! IT AIN'T THE
HORSES FAULT IF IM A CROOK---
WHY DON'T THEY TAKE IT OUT ON
ME INSTEAD OF POOR DUMB ANIMALS!

YOU SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OUT THE
ANSWER TO THAT ONE
LONG AGO! NOW
WE'D BETTER
HURRY & WE
WANT TO
SAVE ANY
OF THE
HORSES!

WHEN
STEVE DIS-
COVERED TO
SAVE THE
HORSES.

VIEWING THEIR HANDS FROM A DISTANCE THE BOYS DISCOVER...

IT IS DECIDED THAT CAPTAIN COM-MANDO AND HIS

OH! OH! THIS LOOKS LIKE IT! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

OH, NO! EACH ONE OF YOU MOUNT A HORSE AND FOLLOW ME!



FOLLOWING BOOTS' INSTRUCTIONS THEY QUICKLY MOUNT THEIR HORSES AND CHARGE MADLY TOWARD THE CRUSHING NAZIS



GOTT IN HEMEL!

LONG SO AFTER A LONG DESPERATE RIDE

THE COAST--AND THERE'S A BOAT!

TEAM MY BOAT!

PLAYIN' BALL WIT' THOSE NAZIS IS A JITTERY BUSINESS I BEEN HANGING ONTO THE SHIP FOR AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS!

I WUZ GONNA DOUBLE-CROSS YOU GUYS--BUT WHEN I SEEN 'EM BURN THEM HORSES--POOR HELPLESS BEAUTIFUL BEASTS--SOMETHING INSIDE ME SNAPPED AND I REALIZED HOW LOW I HAD DUNK! IF ONLY THERE WUZ SOME WAY I COULD SQUARE MYSELF!

HAYEE THERE IS BOOTS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A COMMANDO?

BOY-O-BOY! COULD I IF I'D BET MY LIFE ON YOU GUYS--AND BOOTS OGGREY ALWAYS BETS ON A SURE THING!



TALKING ABOUT SURE THINGS HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS #2 YET? DON'T MISS THIS SURE THING IN THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY! IF IT'S AN M.L.J. PUBLICATION, IT'S A SURE THING FFF!

SERGEANT BOYLE

WE
WILL
SEE
YOU
SOON



THE YANNS HAVE COME!

WITH THE BRITISH SELLING UP THE ARMS IN LIBYA AND THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS TAKING CARE OF THE OPPOSITE END IN NORTH AFRICA, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR SIDE IS REALLY ON ITS WAY TO THE VINDICATED TOUCHDOWN AT LONG LAST BUT FOR SERGEANT BOYLE WITH THE YANNS IN NORTH AFRICA THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TROUBLE TO SHOOT



WELL, SELLING UP BETWEEN PAYROLL, BOYLE AND SOME OF THE BOYS ARE PLAYING A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME

WE TOO REMIND US TO HOLD THE CARDS NEXT TIME YOU COME AROUND SARGE!

WELL, THAT SOUNDS LIKE BUT!

WHAT? THROUGH ALREADY?



HEY, SARGE! THE GENERAL WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!

THANKS BU' WE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER TIME!



DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME, GENERAL?

COME IN, BOYLE. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



COME IN, BOYLE. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!





EVERYBODY THIS IS GENERAL FORNARD WHO HAS DECIDED TO COLLABORATE WITH US.

GENERAL, I'VE HEARD OF YOU.

YES BUT WE WILL FORGET OUR PAST DIFFERENCES. NO?



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY ABOUT ME, BOYLE?

OUR SUPPLY COLUMNS HAVE BEEN ATTACKED MUCH TOO OFTEN IN THE LAST FEW DAYS, IN WITNESS OF OUR LEADS ON THEIR OWN FIELDS.



WE SUSPECT THE B-BASES ARE OPERATING FROM A CONCEALED BASE IN SARDINIA. WE THINK IT'S LOCATED RIGHT ABOUT HERE. SO IT SHOULD BE DESTROYED AT ALL COSTS.



I GET IT. I'M ELECTED TO HOP OVER AND FIND IT. WHEN DO YOU WANT ME TO START?

IT'S A DANGEROUS JOB, BOYLE. TOO DANGEROUS FOR ONE MAN TO DO. CAN YOU THINK OF ANYONE TO GO WITH YOU?



BOYLE? IF BOYLE TAKES THAT JOB, HE'S A NUT. HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING BACK ALIVE.



ALL SORTS OF OUR PLANS CAN'T FIND THAT SECRET BASE. HOW CAN HE DO IT? I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR HIM.



EEEOOW!

?

TWERP.



WHY IS CAPTAIN THERBY AND YOU BE VOLUNTEERING TO GO WITH SERGEANT BOYLE?

HUH?



IT WILL BE A STIRRING EXAMPLE TO THE MEN. ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE A MAN OF COURAGE.

S-S-BUT.









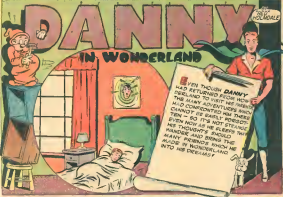




DANNY

IN WONDERLAND

THE
WONDERLAND



EVEN THOUGH DANNY HAD RETURNED FROM HOW DELAND TO VISIT HIS FRIENDS THE MANY ADVENTURES WHICH HAD COMFORTED HIM THERE CANNOT BE EARLY MORNING TEN - SO IT'S NOT STRANGE EVEN NOW AS HE ALERNS THAT HIS THOUGHTS SHOULD HINDER AND BRING THE MANY FRIENDS WHICH HE MADE IN WONDERLAND INTO HIS DREAMS!

OF COURSE IT LOOKS LIKE DANNY IS GETTING REST-LESS!



HE'S NOT ONLY CARELESS BUT SEEMS TO BE HAVING A NIGHT MARE ----



WHEN? WHAT A DREAM? I THOUGHT I HEARD THE GOOD BARY CALLING FOR HELP! OH I WONDER IF IT REALLY WAS A DREAM!



GOLLY! THAT DREAM SEEMED REALLY REAL - I'M GOING TO GET DRESSED - MAYBE THEY NEED ME IN WONDERLAND!



I'M ALL SET - NOW TO GET BACK TO WONDERLAND! I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME HELP THOUGH!



SAY! NOW ABOUT YOU - YES I'M TALKING TO ALL YOU SWELL BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE READING THE MAGAZINE! WILL YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO WONDERLAND?















Archie

by
Montana









AND SO FAR IN TO THE NIGHT--



"LOOKIN' WORSE" WHEN YOU BE CRIPIN' SAM SO LONG! ON I HEAR A MOTOR, THAT MUST BE SAM AND ARCHIE NOW! THAT BOY SHOULD BE A BIG HELP TO SAM!





AND INTO THE PIG STY!



There is no Rationing on *Laughs*

IN THE NEW MAY

ZIP
COMICS!!



HERE HE IS GANG
THE TOP LAUGH
MAKER OF THEM
ALL ---- SOROR
BANANA!

I'M STILL
AROUND,
GANG ---
WILBUR
WILKINS OF
WESTFIELD, NY

DON'T FORGET
HE, STEEL!
WOODY THE
WOODPECKER!

I'M
SLAFFY
TUN, TUN,
YUN!

I'M
PAPPY!

I'M
HAPPY!

I'M
GINGERY!

I'M
CHIMPY!

ALL THESE BRAND NEW, UNBELIEVABLY FUNNY FEATURES APPEAR
IN THE MAY ZIP COMICS! MAY ZIP WILL APPEAR ON SALE
ALMOST ANY DAY, NOW! TAKE A TIP, BUY **ZIP!**

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD



A THICK, PEA-SOUP FOG
HANGS OMINOUSLY OVER
LONDON'S THAMES RIVER. IT
IS NIGHT AND THE BRISK AT-
MOSPHERE IS PUNCTUATED BY
THE LOW MOAN OF TUGBOATS.
IN AN EFFORT TO GET AWAY
FROM HIS STUFFY OFFICE, BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD STROLLS THROUGH
THE MURKED CITY.

SUDDENLY HE COMES UPON THE
MURDER CASE OF HIS CAREER ----
AS HE STUMBLES OVER A
CORPSE WASHED UP ON THE
BEACH -- A GRINNING CORPSE!
COME WITH BENTLEY
AND TRY TO HELP HIM
SOLVE --

THE CASE OF THE
LAUGHING
CORPSE!

AS BENTLEY EXAMINES THE "LOOKING CORPSE"
A TAXI DRIVES PAST...



LOOK EVELYN,
A BODY?

STOP THE
TAXI, DRIVER!



WHAT IS IT, GEORGE?
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

PLEASE EVELYN
PLEASE DON'T
LOOK!!

AND THERE'S
ANOTHER MAN
BENDING OVER
IT? I WANT TO SEE!



KEEP BACK!
THIS IS NOTHING
FOR A WOMAN
TO LOOK AT!



OH NO!!
IT'S - IT'S JOHN!
MY HUSBAND!



MEANWHILE BENTLEY
FETCHES A "COBBER"

HURRY UP
OFFICER! A
CORPSE HAS
BEEN WASHED
ASHORE!

RIGHTO!



EVELYN IS
CERTAINLY
ALL WARMED
UP, ISN'T SHE?

LOOK AT
HIS FACE HE'S
LAUGHING!

I'M BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YARD!
HAVE THE CORONER
LEAVE THIS BODY TO
INTERVIEW HOW HE DIED!

I'LL DO
THAT SIR!



"COBBER" IS THE BRITISH
NICKNAME FOR A POLICEMAN!

NOW YOU TWO---
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
HERE? WHO ARE
YOU?

MY NAME'S
GEORGE MARNER.
I WAS DRIVING
FAST WITH MISS
FRAGGUS, HERE
AND WE JUST
HAPPENED TO SEE
THE BODY?

THAT'S TRUE? THE
B-B-BODY OF M-MY HUB-
BAND--- YOU SEE---
I-I-I DIDN'T LOVE
HIM ANYMORE---

...B-BUT TO
FIND HIM DEAD?
MURDERED?
IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!

WELL, WHY SHOULD
MISS FRAGGUS THINK
IT'S MURDER WHEN
IT COULD JUST AS
EASILY HAVE BEEN
SUICIDE?

YOU TWO ARE
COMING WITH ME
TO SCOTLAND YARD
RIGHT NOW!
TALK! TALK!

ROUND UP EVERY
ONE DR. FRAGGUS
KNEW AND BRING
THEM TO MY OFFICE?

RIGHT
SIR?

ARE YOU TWO SCOTLAND YARD
THE HOLDING YOU BOTH ON
SUSPICION OF MURDER? I
KNEW YOUR HUSBAND BY RE-
PUTATION WAS FRAGGUS? HE WAS
A WELL KNOWN DENTIST? BOTH YOU
AND YOUR BOYFRIEND HAD PLenty
OF MOTIVE TO WANT TO GET RID OF
HIM? YOU'D INHERIT A TIDY FORTUNE?

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE
ME, MY HUSBAND WAS BROKE-
THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY
WHO HAD ANY MONEY WAS
DR. FRAGGUS--JOHN'S
TWIN BROTHER?

WHERE'S DR. NOW?
THAT'S WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW!

THAT'S
NOT TRUE,
INSPECTOR!

JUST THEN THE DOOR
OPENED AND THE BOBBY RETURNED.

"HERE YOU ARE SIR!
THE HOUSEKEEPER
HAS TRIED, AND
ELL HAS PROPOSED!
BROTHER! I
FOUND THEM
BOTH AT THE
BRASSER'S HOUSE!"



"YOU HAVE NO
RIGHT TO BRING ME
HERE!" I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THIS! THAT MONEY
IS MINE!"



"...O THERE A RAZOR
IN THAT SUITCASE? I
THINK I'VE GOT A
SOLUTION!"



"WHY- ER-
YES SIR?
THERE IS?"
"OY DID YOU
KNOW?"

"ELL!" WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN TOWN?"



"MR ELL WAS JUST
ABOUT TO LEAVE
TOWN WITH THIS
SUITCASE FULL OF
MONEY?"



"MY EX-
PLANATION
ELL?"

"THAT'S TRUE MR.
BENTLEY! THE MONEY
BELONGS TO ELL! HE'S BEEN
AWAY FOR YEARS! I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW HE WAS
BACK IN LONDON!"



"WE RETURNED
YESTER-
DAY, MRS.
BRASSER!"

"HOW
VERY
STRANGE!" I WONDER-

AT THAT VERY MOMENT----





BENTLEY BY EXAMINING THE CLUES, HAS FOUND OUT WHO THE MURDERER IS! CAN YOU DO THE SAME? THE CLUES ARE IN THE STORY--- CAN YOU GUESS THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER? IS IT--
MRS. EVELYN FRAGGS-- WIFE OF THE DENTIST?
GEORGE MARSHER-- HER BOYFRIEND?
ELE FRAGGS-- BROTHER OF THE DENTIST?
MRS. THROES-- THE HOUSEKEEPER?
THE POLICEMAN???

WHY ITS GEORGE?
WHO HIT YOU?

THE MURDERER
HIT GEORGE - TRY-
ING TO GET ME!
AND HE'S DR-
FRAGGUS!

MY HUSBAND THE
MURDERER? B BUT
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND? HE'S
HE'S DEAD?

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT THEY SURE
PACKED A PILE-
DRIVER!

NOT SO CRAZY THAT
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
THE EVIDENCE? YOU WERE
HARD UP AND NEEDED
MONEY? SO WHEN YOUR
BROTHER ELLI CAME TO
TOWN, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER
FOR YOU TO KILL HIM, SHAVE
OFF YOUR MUSTACHE
AND CHANGE CLOTHES?
PRETEND YOU BE-
CAME YOUR
BROTHER?

OH NO HE'S NOT! THERE IS
YOUR HUSBAND? YOU ARE DR
JOHN FRAGGUS? YOU WEREN'T
MURDERED AT ALL? YOU
KILLED YOUR BROTHER, ELLI?

YOU'RE
CRAZY?

I'M FILLING
YOUR TEETH WITH
A HANDFUL OF
KNUCKLES - THIS
MOMENT!

THREE CLUES
POINTED TO THE ONLY
POSSIBLE SOLUTION!
ONE WAS THE CORPSE
FLOATED! TWO THE
HORRIBLE LAUGH-
ING GRIN ON THE
VICTIM'S FACE,
AND THREE, THE
RAZOR!

WITH THE RAZOR, THE
DOCTOR SHAVED OFF HIS
MUSTACHE TO ASSUME THE
IDENTITY OF HIS TWIN
BROTHER! THE BODY
FLOATED BECAUSE THE
LUNGS WERE FILLED WITH
GAS! AND THE GRIN ON
HIS FACE PROVED THAT IT
WAS LAUGHING GAS! AND
ONLY A DENTIST HAS ACCESS
TO IT!

COME BACK
HERE, DOCTOR!

The 97 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, puny? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about my "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2734, 115 E. 23rd St., New York, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Holder of Title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS,

Dept. 2734, 115 East 23rd St.,
New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____

(please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

